

# Suck

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 9, 1915  
PRICE TEN CENTS



THERE, LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY!

PAINTED BY ROLF ARMSTRONG

# KING EIGHT CYLINDER

for \$1350 complete

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*"The Car of No Regrets"*



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## "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL  
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY  
Contributing Editor, HY MAYER

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### Prince Troubetzkoy in PUCK

The introduction of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy to our readers this week takes the form of an exceptionally pleasing reproduction of one of his recent canvases. Through a special arrangement with Prince Troubetzkoy, PUCK has obtained first rights to the reproduction of his statuary and paintings as they are completed, and thus PUCK takes one more step toward the accomplishment of our artistic ideal, in the fulfillment of which we have had the co-operation of most of the best known contemporary artists. Prince Troubetzkoy enjoys world-wide fame as a sculptor of rare ability. He was born on Lago Maggiore, Italy in 1866, and after attaining distinction in Italy, Russia, France, and Germany, he came to this country and recently has turned his talents to painting, in which endeavor he has won immediate recognition. His painting in this issue is the first of a series which from time to time will make their appearance in these pages.

### Advertising Increases!

Last week's PUCK carried more than 5,700 lines of advertising. This is a greater number of lines than PUCK has carried in many years. It is nearly ten times as much business as it carried a year ago. It is the third consecutive week that PUCK has stood first in the weekly humorous field in the amount of advertising carried. Such a statement requires no further comment.

### The "See America NOW" Number

Plans for PUCK's American Winter Resort Number, dedicated to the principle that we should all "See America NOW," are complete. The issue makes its appearance on January 25, and from an artistic standpoint surpasses anything that PUCK has thus far accomplished. Not only is it resplendent in color, but it carries a rotarygravure supplement of four pages, in which this new method of reproduction is seen at its best. Especial attention has been paid in this number to the doings of the care-free winter vacationist, who has been tracked to his lair in Florida and Southern California, and put through all the paces which only the active imagination of a professional humorist can devise.

See that your newsdealer has instructions to put aside a copy of this number for 'you'; otherwise, you may miss the new year's brightest issue. Better still, try a three months' \$1.00 trial subscription.

### "Hold Tight"

Hundreds of readers have requested copies of Mr. Crombie's popular color subject in our Christmas Number. We prefer not to sell prints of this picture, and any reader who wishes a copy is directed to the advertising announcement on page 19. We will gladly give copies of the print away to every new subscriber who sends us a subscription for six months. If you wish the picture, haven't you some friend who would appreciate the next twenty-six numbers of PUCK?

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## A Peek Into the Contents-Page of Next Week's Puck

On Sale on all News-stands January 11

### Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton

Mrs. Smith-Dayton is the originator of those quaint statuettes in clay which have created such widespread interest in artistic circles. Heretofore, their true artistic merit has suffered through black-and-white engraving, and only after PUCK arranged for the exclusive reproduction of these statuettes in full color was it possible to realize their deeply human appeal. Mrs. Smith-Dayton's series on "Our Boarding House" is one of the funniest new features in the periodical world.

See it in next week's Puck.

### Another Lou Mayer Cover

All PUCK readers remember "Here's Looking at You" and "The Silk Worm." Mr. Mayer has done a cover for next week's PUCK called "Finale," which will take rank with the cleverest conceptions from his crayon—we almost wrote brush, until we recalled that this clever artist works exclusively in pastel.

### Richard Le Gallienne

Contributes one of his characteristic bits of verse to the issue. "Miss Simplex" he calls it, and Septimus Scott, a brilliant English illustrator, has painted a portrait to accompany the poem, that is representative of his most sympathetic vein.

### Hy Mayer's Caricatures

Hy Mayer visited the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York, and then drew two pages of caricatures of the paintings he saw. Every artist who ever longed for a canvas in the "N. A." will enjoy this "center double" by PUCK's famous cartoonist.

### Maurius De Zayas

Two notable additions to our series of "Dezayographs" make their appearance next week. One is of Caruso, the other of Miss Wilson, daughter of the President. Both of them are characteristic of the unique technique M. De Zayas at its best.

**Subscriptions:** PUCK is mailed weekly to subscribers in the United States and possessions at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. To all other foreign countries, \$6.50 per year, \$3.25 for six months. In changing address give old address as well as new.

**Manuscripts:** PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributions sent by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned if unavailable. Decision will be rendered promptly, and payment made immediately upon acceptance.

**News-stands:** PUCK is on sale every Monday on all trains, in railway stations, hotels, and by all responsible newsdealers at ten cents a copy. It is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.





## GRINIGRAMS

As a protest against war, Turkish women of Erzerum "rent their garments and paraded the streets almost in a state of nudity." It never before occurred to us, but that may account for startling sights in the streets of New York. The one difference between New York and Turkey is that the Turkish male may not look, being bound by Islamic law.

During the Kaiser's illness, a Copenhagen cable announced that he would quit his bed in a few days and proceed to the western battlefield. An obvious error. Monarchs do not proceed to battlefields, but to "theatres of war."

A cigar which the Kaiser one time presented to Lord Lansdale brought seventy-two dollars at a Red Cross auction the other day. Somewhere at home we have the frayed and frazzled remnant of a panatella which Theodore Roosevelt gave us at a White House luncheon in 1908. Who bids?

All but one of the lions kept to the theatre and were rounded up in the lobby. Alice, the one that reached the street, sought safety in a photographer's studio.

Alice was a true actress. —Local news item.

Georgia is progressing. The State used to wink at lynchings. Now it is personally and officially conducting one—in the case of Leo Frank.

Judging by the number of times he has been reported dead, it would seem that the Crown Prince of Germany was out after the King Menelik record.

"I have not asked for an advance in salary, because I'm contented with the amount named in my contract."

—Home-Run Baker.

Is there not a place in vaudeville for this extraordinary young man? It would not be necessary for him to say anything. Thousands would pay good money just to see him walk across the stage.

"While other nations have been spending their money on the sea we have been spending ours on land."

—Charles W. Morse.

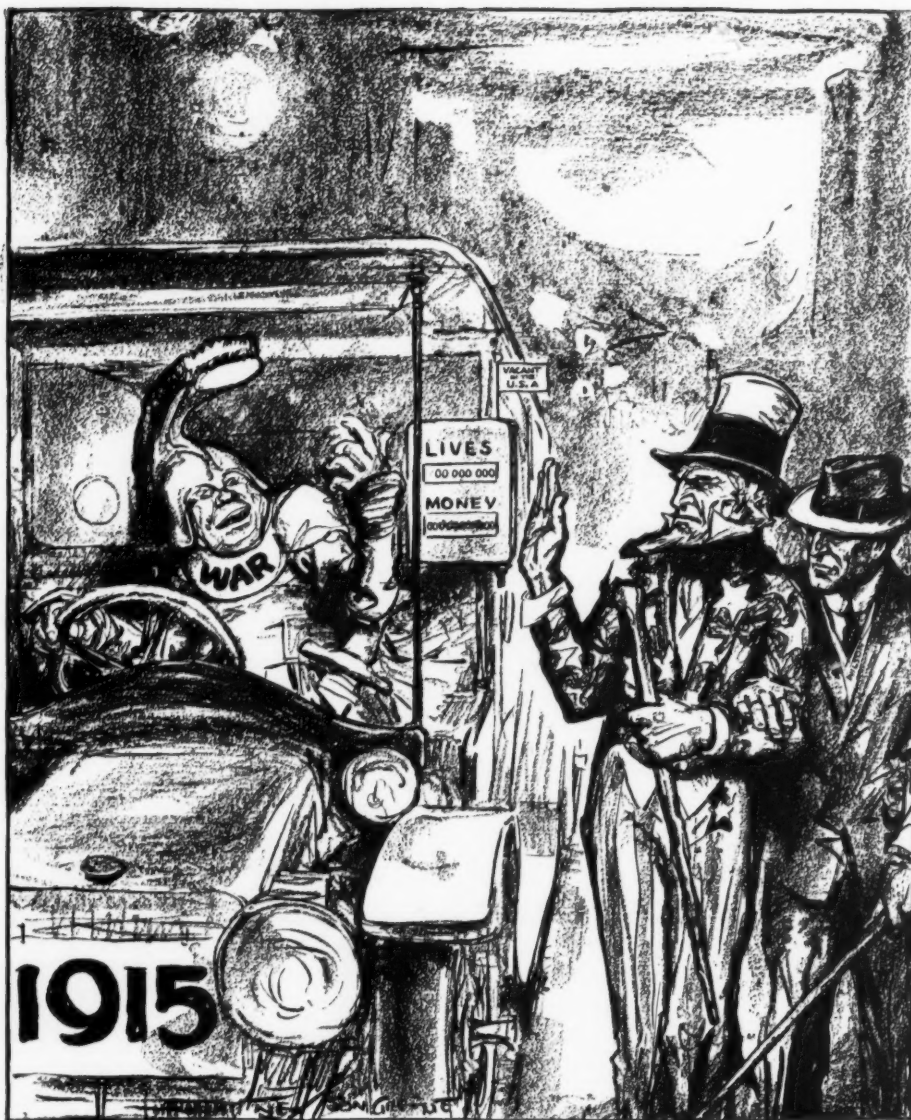
Excepting those of "us" who put their money in the wrong bank and whose financial recuperation has not been as rapid as that of Mr. Morse.

The national coat-of-arms of Mexico has been stolen from the National Palace at Mexico City. With it went the Presidential chair.

—El Paso wire.

The Mexican souvenir fiend is in a class by himself.

Camels usually die on or before their fortieth birthday. Don't feel superior. How long would *man* last, on the average, if he had as many stomachs to abuse as a camel?



### THE WRONG CHAUFFEUR

UNCLE SAM: Not for me; I want a careful driver.

"The fishes of America north of the Isthmus of Panama embrace three classes, thirty orders, two hundred and twenty-three families, one thousand one hundred and thirteen genera, three hundred and thirty-five subgenera, three thousand two hundred and sixty-three species, and one hundred and thirty-three subspecies."

—Tabloid science.

And most of them, at one time or another, are entered on the bill-of-fare as Filet of Sole.

A member of the Forty-Seventh New York was court-martialed and dropped from the Guard because he "cussed" in uniform. Easy there! If cussing in uniform were always a crime, the Revolutionary army would have lost the services of one G. Washington immediately after the battle of Monmouth.

"Very many more people are talking in the world than are listening."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

And those who are doing neither may be playing the pianola or putting a new twelve-inch record on the phonograph. So what's the use? As one of our esteemed contributors would say: "It's all wrong, Ella; it's all wrong!"

American farm crops for the year are worth \$4,945,852,000. This reconciles us, in part, to the failure of both our window-boxes.

The adjutant or marabout, a bird of India, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. The marabout mustn't get chesty. He should drop in at a buffet lunch some noontime and watch a "tired business man."

And now somebody has started a "live a little longer" movement. If you can't live a little longer, move to Brooklyn and it will *seem* longer.

The debutantes this season are not wearing long white gloves.

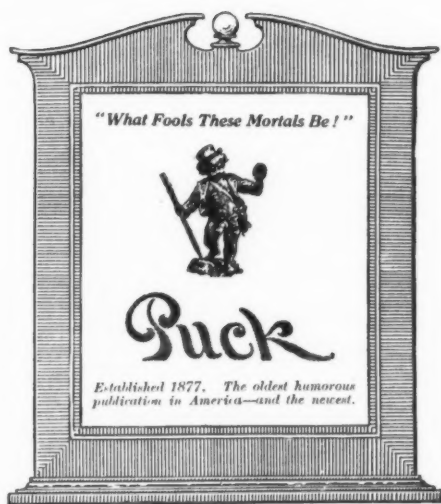
—Washington despatch.

Socks for the Belgians?

Somebody—we don't know who—has been asking Robert W. Chambers for his opinions on race improvement, specialized breeding, and so forth. It was about time. A man whose heroes (see illustration) are at least eight feet tall, and whose heroines (again see illustration) hit all the high spots for shape should have been consulted long ago.

An unconfirmed rumor from Georgia says that witnesses in criminal cases are now being sworn to give evidence for the frame-up, the whole frame-up, and nothing but the frame-up.





VOL. LXXVI. No. 1975. WEEK ENDING JAN. 9, 1915

### "CHEERING" ROYALTY

Those who confine their attention to headlines, or to brief official announcements from Paris, Berlin, or Petrograd, run a risk of missing the very cream of the war news. It is only by browsing here and there among obscure paragraphs that one gets hold of the stuff that thrills. Take the matter of that German raid on the coast towns of England. How many know it was undertaken for medicinal purposes only! Not many, yet such was the case.

The Kaiser was ill, generally out of sorts, and, quoting a cable from sedate and conservative Copenhagen:

"The raid of the fleet on the British coast was carried on with the object of cheering him."

The Court physicians, recognizing the ascendancy of mind over matter, whispered a few words to the nearest naval authorities and the thing was under way.

Of the one hundred and eight killed and three hundred and fifty wounded at Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby, a large proportion unfortunately were women and children; but what mattered that so long as the Kaiser was "cheered"! His pulse grew stronger and steadier, and his temperature went to normal immediately on receipt of the news. Mothers and babes of Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, you did not drop in vain. You were not shelled in your beds or cribs, or struck down in your unfortified dooryards simply to gratify a foeman's lust for slaughter. Nothing raw like that. A great man lay depressed and needed "cheering." His throat was sore, and it was getting on his nerves; something had to be done to counteract it, to make him forget. As we have been at some pains to point out, the attack was made for medicinal purposes, not for conquest.

Among the "scraps of paper" drawn up by the dimly recollected Hague Peace Congress, there was one which discouraged assaults upon unfortified towns, and which frowned particularly upon the bombardment of same without ample advance notice to non-combatants; but, granting this to be true, emergencies are always arising which cannot be anticipated by a set of rules. How could the Hague Tribunal anticipate the emergency of the Kaiser's tonsils and subsequent blue funk? A desperate ill which required a desperate remedy, there was no time to dilly-dally with niceties of sentiment. And, inasmuch as the Kaiser was undoubtedly "cheered," the end justified the means, so the incident is closed.

But—out of one hundred and eight killed, and three hundred and fifty wounded, a large pro-



portion were women and children. Quite a prescription for a sore throat—in this the twentieth century!

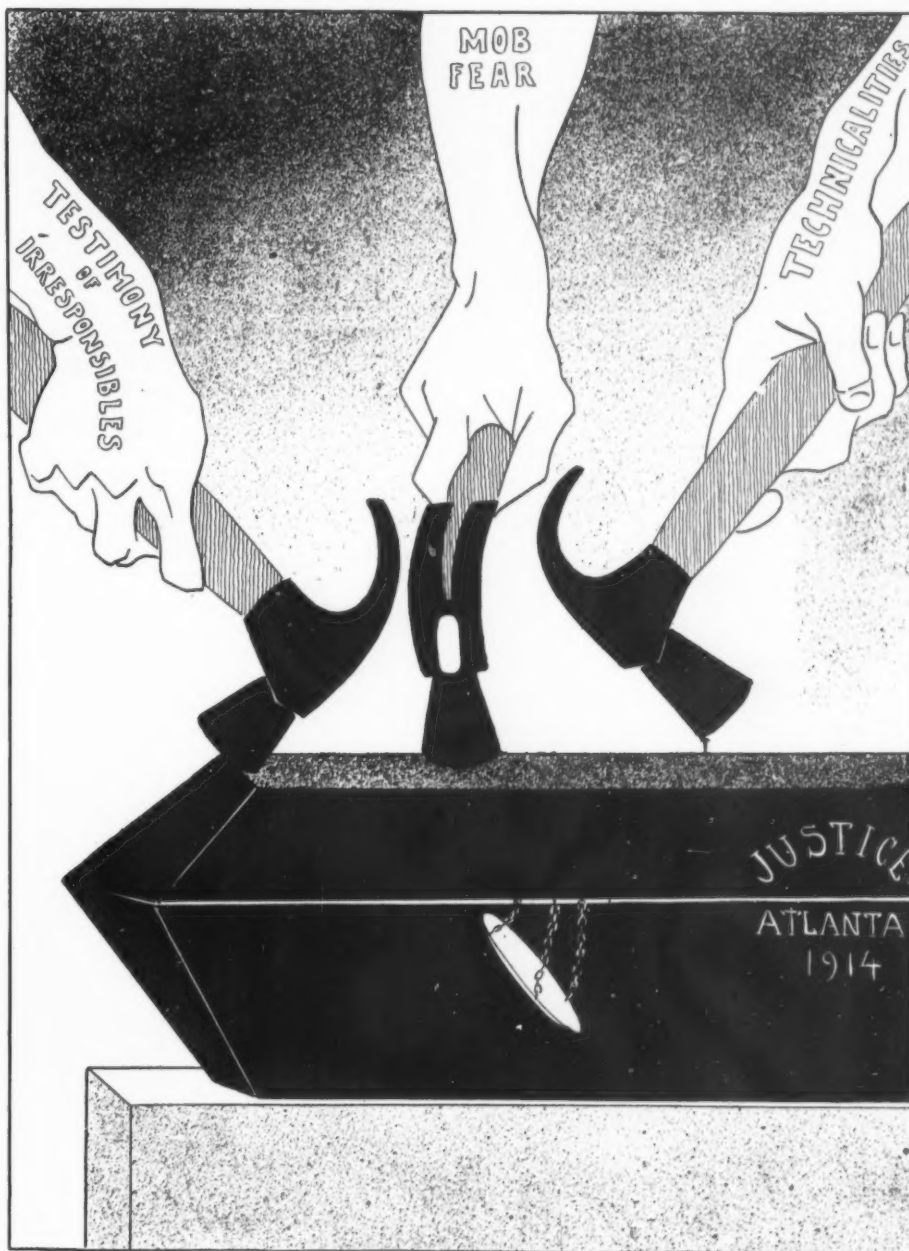
Gradually the South is overcoming its aversion to the negro, Georgia leading the way. Where the black man was formerly regarded with suspicion, he now is given the benefit of the doubt. So sweeping is the change that it applies not merely to negroes of good repute, but to negroes known to be bad. Such tolerance for the black man is as astounding as it is unexpected, but it is so.

In the not remote past, a negro accused of certain crimes would not have been given an opportunity to clear himself. His testimony would have been considered worthless. A stout rope or a pile of oil-soaked faggots—to such a

tribunal might he appeal but to no other. This barbarous day has passed. A negro's oath is now respected.

Georgia, with its motto, "Justice, Wisdom, Moderation," properly swings the pendulum the other way. In the Frank case, we see a white jury, in a court over which a white judge presides, convict a white man of an atrocious murder chiefly on the testimony of a degenerate black. The negro, never of any weight when it came to saving his own neck in the face of a hostile mob, suddenly acquires standing enough in the community to send a white man to the gallows.

The unofficial lynching of negroes no longer stimulates the jaded Georgia appetite. So the evidence of a degenerate negro is now used to justify the official lynching of a white man.



### JUSTICE IN GEORGIA

By M. DEZAYAS  
A Modernist Conception  
of the Frank Case

# Ruck The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON

At this period in every theatrical season, I have made it a practise for twelve years to convince the theatre-going public what a damn fool it made of itself the season before. It therefore becomes my duty today to recall to the theatre-going public that it was just a season ago that it fell hard for the white-slave flapdoodle in the drama and became red in the face with indignation and trembled in wrath when it learned from such plays as "The Lure," "The Fight," *et al.*, that no young girl was safe from the suave Dagos and Tammany politicians who hid in dark corners of the highways ready to pounce upon their victims with the poisoned needle and cart them off to houses of shame with barred windows.

In the meantime, of course, the public has awakened—as it generally does a year later—to the fact that it had merely hoaxed itself with the particular fad of the day, in this instance, the fad of believing that every Swedish immigrant girl, immediately she landed, was lured into a life of reluctant sin by the cunning arguments of George Probert.

Let us glance back, children, and contemplate the kidlike gullibility of the American public in the matter of fads—fads warmly embraced for one or two seasons and then dismissed with an ashamed air by the same public that in the meantime has got wise to itself. Cast an eye over the regiment of fads which have been taken seriously by our one-a-minutes, only to be thrown overboard sometime more or less later by the same one-a-minutes, with a

blush of having been self-deluded, taken in, fooled, bamboozled, made to look the jack-ass. The catalogue, boiled down: osteopathy, the Kneipp cure, David Belasco's details, the idea that George M. Cohan was merely a song and dance fellow whose chief metier was waving the American flag, the vibration theory, Cheyne-Stokes breathing, Friedman's tuberculosis cure, the New Theatre in Central Park

West, astrology, neo-alchemy, Schlatterism, Augustus Thomas, flannel stomach bands, hair tonic, Charles Klein's "view-point," the great good done by Anthony Comstock, Bergson, September Morn, the girls in the Floradora Sextette, the sentimental ballads of Charles K. Harris, umbilical contemplation, the idea that George Bernard Shaw spoke only paradoxes, the theory that the greatest contribution to art on the part of the Hungarians was goulash, witchcraft, the barn dance, the divining rod, Elsie Siegel, Thomas W. Lawson, the wickedness of Gaby Deslys and the iniquity of Evelyn Thaw, the "one best bet" in the racing tips of sporting newspapers, the invincibility of Yale athletic teams and the idea that all Harvard men were sissies, physical culture, the efficacy of rubber shoes in wet weather, the bustle, Dowie, the Mann act, free silver, malicious animal magnetism, mental healing, physicians, patent pocket cigar lighters, advanced coffees, the magic lantern, the theory that "personality" was one thing and effective histrionism another, the idea that musical comedies were immoral (instead of merely stupid) and the coincident idea that girls' legs were

devilish, levitation, power of suggestion, French drama, table tapping, Arnold Bennett's genius, Mrs. Fiske, H. A. Du Souchet, coincidence, psychological phenomena (chiefly, dual personality), sex hygiene, eugenics, the brutality of football, "The Turtle," anti-vivisection, the buildings at the Philadelphia Centennial, the court of honor at the Chicago World's Fair, the wickedness of the hootchee-kootchee, Esperanto, cubist art,



"Ninety-five Points"



Falling hard for the white slave flapdoodle





## THE GREAT AMERICAN PASSION PLAY

futurist art, Hanlon Brothers' last act transformations, Maeterlinck's symbolism, the Montessori method, the British battleship "Audacious" and Anna Held's eyes, socialism, the segregation of vice, the fortune-making possibilities in gold mines and moving pictures, the bicycle, Maxine Elliott's beauty, the Katzenjammer Kids, "Home-run" Baker, Anthony Hope, the belief that every time you crossed the Channel you were sure to be seasick, the idea that the German theatre was behind the English theatre, the maxixe, all other cannon than those manufactured by Krupp, the phaeton, men's hair cut round at the back, women's "rats," Frankie Bailey's limbs, suspenders, the single standard of sex, the animal and geo-

graphical discoveries in the wildernesses by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Sherlock Holmes, Richard Mansfield's temperament, the freak clothes worn by Eleonora Sears, the switchback scenic railway, "Three Weeks," "Damaged Goods" and the pure white purpose of Richard Bennett, the insanity of Nietzsche, the title guessing contests conducted by newspapers, beauty lotions, yellow chamois gloves, gray ties and gray waistcoats with dinner jackets, Bonnie McGinn, advanced vaudeville, and democracy. \* \* \* Just now it is the "Twilight Sleep," Phyllis Neilson-Terry and the idea that I am a humorist.

*Program.*—A subtle device employed by theatrical managers to persuade an audience to believe that the play it is about to see is going to be acted.

The test of all theatrical dramatic art is clothes. If you see a play in the playhouse and somehow believe it to be an authentic specimen of theatrical dramatic art, but are not quite sure, shut your eyes and picture the actors and actresses impersonating the characters (which is to say the characters) stark naked. If, after this, the play remains convincing, it is, in every sense, a good play.

After all, what is more pathetic than to watch an actress essay to portray the society lady? How the actress's superior air of refinement inevitably makes ridiculous the characterization.

*The Devil.*—An angel adapted for French audiences.

The villain in an American play is that character in the play who, were he a real living man, would in all probability decline to associate with the author.

The one big thing against Edward Sheldon as a dramatist, according to several of my colleagues in criticism, would seem to be that he was educated at Harvard instead of in a Poli stock company.

I often regret that I am not a playwright. I similarly often regret the same thing about many playwrights.

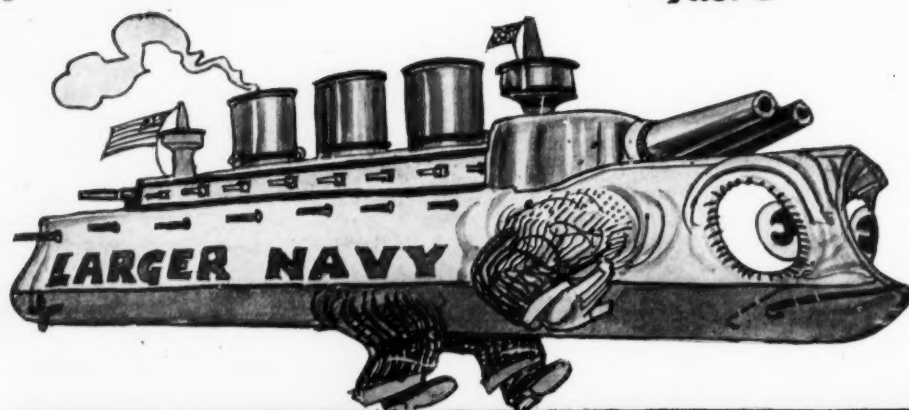
(Continued on page 21)



Shut your eyes and picture the actors stark naked



The villain won't associate with the author



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Sir Woodrow ordered General Staff  
To wend his way to Waco;  
A cruiser stopped a merchant ship  
And stripped her—of tobacco.  
The English ladies formed a troop  
To whack the bold intruder;  
A German mine  
Disturbed the brine,  
And Joffre's growing ruder.

A Justice said at thirty-five  
A man should cease to fox-trot;  
The folks who knit the Belgian hose  
Have learned to do the sox-trot.  
Our submarines are not prepared  
To do a simple header;  
The war-like Turks  
Have jammed their works,  
And Gardner's speech grows redder.

The Weather Chap has offered us  
Some fine assorted samples;  
The Presidents of Mexico  
Are doing their examples.  
Five years from now, if all goes well,  
The navy may be ready;  
The G. O. P.  
Observed with glee  
The reticence of Teddy.



The raid upon the British coast  
Destroyed an ancient chapel;  
The blame for war has now been laid  
On Adam and the apple.  
Tom Osborne's convicts soon will lead  
A life of mhyrr and roses;  
No more we quail  
At thoughts of jail,  
And Hobson still supposes.



M. Renaud of the lyric stage  
Was slated for promotion;  
Sir Daniels and his sea-reforms  
Have caused a large commotion.  
The war news says that J. McGraw  
Is busily recruiting;  
The gunman trade  
Goes undismayed,  
And Woods deplores the shooting.

Sir Goethals asked for battleships  
To keep his zone pacific.  
The French report the bubble crop  
As cheerfully prolific.  
B. Shaw has added volumes to  
His short and simple annals;  
The men of cash  
Are growing rash,  
And Gotham donned its flannels.

A Congressman would fain annex  
The pole that Peary planted—  
'Twould make a lovely hitching post  
For orators who ranted.  
The cost of Russia's water cart  
Is mounting into money;  
Lord Bryan's balm  
Is still the palm,  
And aren't we mortals funny?





# BLESSINGS OF THE AUTO

The automobile came originally in response to the general demand for quicker and better facilities for living and dying.

Not only has it met this demand in an admirable way, but it has had an influence on many phases of our national life that was somewhat unexpected.

It has become the only real index to class distinction in America. You can tell who's who nowadays by the car he keeps, and if he doesn't keep a car he is not a who at all but a what.

It has enriched literature by affording a new setting for love-scenes and a fresh theme for magazine covers, for people who can't buy automobiles like to look at the pictures and read about 'em, anyway.

It has exploded the fallacious theory that a man must not blow his own horn, and has pricked the bubble of prudery by introducing the shock absorber.

It has had much to do with inaugurating the Golden Age of Dancing; for, having acquired a considerable degree of agility in executing the "motor dodge," we took quite naturally to the fox trot and the tango.

It has proven a blessing to the unfortunate male with the runaway chin and empty cranium, for no man with a motor car, however unattractive, is wholly shunned by lovely womanhood.



## POP-OP-OP-OPPING THE QUESTION

It has been a potent factor in keeping down the cost of living, for a family paying for an automobile consumes a smaller quantity of food-stuffs and other staple articles.

It has come as a boon to the patient draft horse and the impatient lover, emancipating the former and, in its ready adaptability as an instrument of elopement, furnishing the latter an expeditious means of thrusting his own head into the halter.

It has given us a keener appreciation of the great outdoors, taking the owner away from his stuffy city house and sometimes taking the stuffy city house away from the owner.

It has even gone so far as to solve the servant problem; for, by giving the cook the use of the motor car on certain evenings, many families have found themselves in a position to contemplate eating with a degree of assurance not heretofore enjoyed.

It has enhanced the value of agricultural lands, even making the hitherto unprofitable mudhole in the broad highway a source of revenue to the adjacent farm.

It has furnished a new type of mechanical toy for the little ones and an attractive plaything for grown-ups frequently keeping them out of mischief.

It has given an impetus to every line of industry and commercial activity, for a man will work harder to support an automobile than he will to clothe a family.

It has been an influential element in checking the divorce evil, for when the question arises as to who shall have the custody of the automobile the result is always compromise and reconciliation.

Last, but not least, it promises to make the effects of war less terrible. Every great conflict heretofore has left us with an augmented collection of bronze horses, straddled by booted heroes of the same material, but as there is admittedly nothing heroic about the figure of a corps commander ensconced in a limousine we will undoubtedly be spared a great deal in the future. For this relief, much thanks.



The Taxi-Driver as He Seems to the Timid Citizen

## WHAT DO JUDGES THINK COURTS ARE FOR, ANYWAY?

Associate Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in his opinion refusing to grant a writ of error to bring the case of Leo M. Frank, convicted of the murder of a factory girl in Atlanta in 1913, before the high Federal Court, expressed doubt as to Frank having had the benefit of due process of law in the trial that ended with his being sentenced to death.

The opinion of Justice Holmes in part is as follows:

"I understand that I am to assume that the allegations of fact in the motion to set aside are true. On these facts I seriously doubt if the petitioner has had due process of law.

"I should not feel prepared to deny a writ of error if I did not consider that I was bound by the decision of the Supreme Court of Georgia that the motion to set aside came too late.

"I understand from the head-note and the opinion that the case was finished when the previous motion for a new trial was denied by the Supreme Court and, as cases must be ended at some time, that the second motion came too late.

"I think I am bound by this decision, even if it reverses a long line of cases, and the counsel for the petitioner were misled to his detriment, which I do not intimate to be my view of the case. I have the impression that there is a case in which the ground that I rely on as showing want of due process of law was rejected by the court with my dissent, but I have not interrupted discussion with counsel to try to find it, if it exists."

—Washington dispatch.

There is a story that a Spanish Queen went too near the fire, and burned to death in the presence of the Court, because by Spanish law it was treason to touch the person of the Queen.

In strict and indiscriminate observance of the law, our Supreme Court seems to be descended from that Royal Court of Spain. Between good sense and precedent courts seldom hesitate.

Probably not one person in a hundred who has read the evidence believes that Leo Frank committed the murder of which he was convicted; but who cares what happens to innocent men, when precedent is in danger?

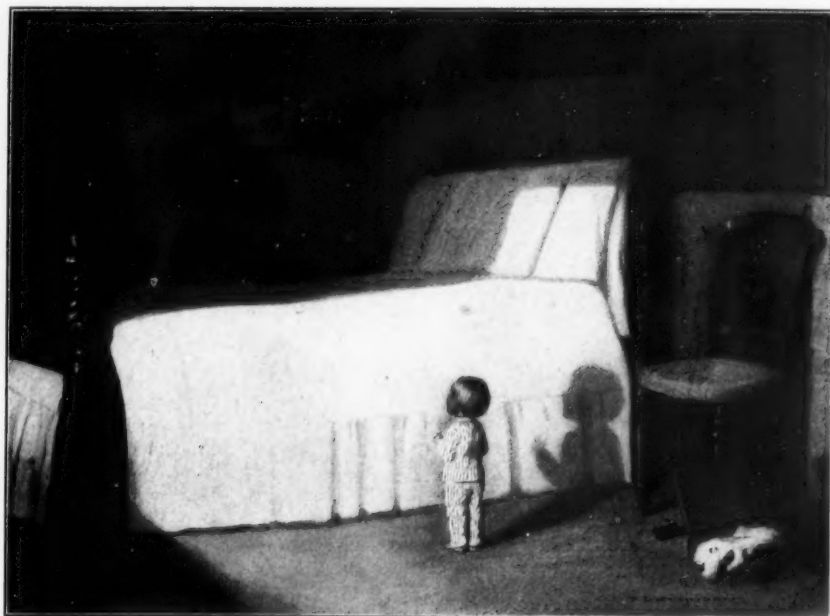
It should be clearly understood that Courts of Justice are not designed to do justice to the citizen, but to the memory of some former judge. This knowledge braces judges to admirable firmness. The ablest judge sleeps well of nights, knowing that innocent men undergo ignominy and the misery of long imprisonment, by his judicial connivance, because some previous judge guessed wrong and musn't be contradicted.

The high ambition of judges has ever been to decide all cases the same way. No two cases



### A POOR SECOND

GERMAN SHADE: Don't bother about a halo, I've got the Iron Cross.



### THE SPARE ROOM

A Boy's First Visit Without Father or Mother.

are alike, but that doesn't matter. It's unsettling to let a man prove his innocence contrary to precedent, and after hours. As the Justice is quoted: "Cases must be finished some time." Let's have a symmetrical docket, by all means.

Habitually, constituent assemblies have given judges dangerous freedom, hoping thereby to insure justice. But judges are afraid of liberty. They run to authority for cover. They hobble themselves with the opinions, delivered under other conditions, of colleagues or predecessors fallible as they.

We do not believe the fathers of the Constitution, or their contemporaries, or posterity, would ever seriously condemn a judge for using his judgment instead of his memory to decide a case. But it will not happen. It would be contrary to precedent.

Laws were instituted to bring relief. Just for that. They are not quick to bring it. It's about the last thing they bring. It hardly ever occurs to a judge. If it did, his name would become immortal.

### SWEAR HIM!

Endert Comstock's parents, who live in Brooklyn, think it was just a funny mistake that he was summoned to do jury duty in the State of New York. As Endert is only ten months old, they think that the summons must have been meant for somebody else. So the chances are that Endert will not be sworn.

But was it a mistake? It is true that ten months is a youthful age for a juror. But that is not to say that the little Comstock person would not make a decidedly better juror than many of the talesmen who tread the floors of the high courts of justice every day. In mentality, in honesty, in judgment, in impartiality, Endert would be a good bet against the usual bunch of twelve men, tried and true.

Waiving the unimportant detail that anybody named Comstock would be an efficient weapon in the blackjacking, throwing to the mat, and handcuffing of Justice—waiving that lesser detail—what is there to be said for Endert?

Well, in the first place, he couldn't be "reached"—not with money, nor with influence,

nor with bullgaggle oratory. Provided he had the requisite supply of his favorite ailment, you couldn't beg, buy, or bamboozle his favor. Nor could he be swept off his feet by the sobby appearance in the witness box of a beautiful young widow in a black veil and slit skirt. It would readily occur to Endert, the babe, that if this beautiful young creature really choked her aged husband to death to get his insurance, why, she did so, and her tender youth and beauty had nothing to do with it. And so thinking, Endert would turn down the chubby thumb.

Nor could Endert be swayed by the presence of a bullyragging, impressive barrister (said to make \$500,000 a year) pointing his long finger at the jury box, getting red in the face, telling the judge how to conduct the trial, and offering indisputable evidence that the moon is really a moss-colored cheese factory. Endert would tell this forensic fit-thrower to go to.

Oh, Endert would make a competent juror, all right, judging from the jurors commonly viewed from the rear seats. Swear him!

Don't talk yourself up too much. A hen will cackle more over laying one egg than a shad will over a million.



### OBSTRUCTED

MRS. PEEPER: The nest is all right, Richard, but I don't much care for the view.





## A DROP IN OMNIPOTENCE



John Henry had minded his mother for twenty-seven years, and it was a safe bet that he would continue to do so until her demise—or his own. He had inclined to her will as long ago as he could remember, and consequently his friends, his profession, and his neckties were of her choosing. It mattered little to him that his friends were few, his lawyer's practice scanty, and his neckties sombre, for, as his mother so often remarked, he spent his evenings at home anyway, they had money to spare, and one *must* be conservative in the matter of neckties. But what did stir his Beacon Street soul to its depths was the fact that he wanted very, very much to get married.

"Mother," said he, at the breakfast table on the morning of his twenty-seventh birthday, "I'd like to get married."

"What ever put that into your head?" inquired his mother placidly. "Isn't that a good egg? Mary, bring Mr. John another egg."

"Now, mother! This egg's all right. I'm in earnest. Take me seriously once in a while, can't you?"

"Why, the idea, my boy! I always take you seriously. Whom are you thinking of marrying? Dear, dear me, it's ten minutes of; do hurry, or you'll miss your car." And she hustled him out.

However carelessly John Henry's mother might treat this declaration of his hankering after wedlock, she knew deep down in her heart of heart's that she must do one of two things, and do them quickly—dissuade John Henry from marriage in general, or find a suitable wife for him, a wife who would be respectful, tractable, and dutiful to her mother-in-law. At first the former seemed most feasible, but just imagine, for instance, how perfectly awful it would be if he should be led astray by some artful woman, and get married to her! Ordinarily she felt sure of John Henry, but lately she had noticed little evidences here and there of half-hearted revolt. Then, too, he was out of her influence at the office; and there were so many attractive stenographers on State Street who would jump at the chance to corrupt him! If he were married to some nice, obedient girl, he would be beyond all temptation, immune to painted Jezebels. But where to find this nice, obedient girl? There was Eveline Brocksmith, but the Brocksmiths kept only one girl and were reported poor as church mice;

there was Miriam Dawson—no, she was much too wilful, even if John Henry did like her more or less; and there was Gertrude Knoxham, of the Chestnut Street Knoxhams, who gave the Vincent Club dinner last year—Gertrude was a quiet girl, not having much to say, of course, but real nice to her mother. John Henry's mother decided to go calling that afternoon.

So successful were the calls that when her son came home at night she was wreathed, nay, enveloped in smiles.

"I've found a fine girl for you to marry," she informed him, forgetting her usual tact.

"Who is she?"

"She's a mighty fine girl, very nice to her mother, and her parents have lots of social prestige, and you know her well."

flirting with other men. The Knoxhams are one of our best families. They —"

"You mean Gertrude Knoxham?"

"Gertrude is the sweetest —"

"What's the matter with Miriam? She dances and sings and —"

"John Henry, that girl has the most vulgar tastes of any one I ever knew. Do you know, she actually—actually uses *perfumery*; why she just reeks with it! No girl of her age who had any taste or any modesty at all would *think* of using the amount she does."

"I never noticed it," said John Henry, half convinced that there must be something the matter somewhere, for his mother to be quite so incensed.

"You never noticed it? You just notice her some time when she's around. Why, I can't bear to have her near me. The idea of you marrying her!"

John Henry remembered dully that he was to call on her that night. It was ten minutes of eight now.

"Well, mother, I'll think over Gertrude, and see if I want to get married or not. I'm going up to the Art Club, so good-by."

"Good-by, dear, and remember that your mother knows more about women than you do, son." She kissed him. "Always remember that!"

When he reached the Dawson's, Miriam met him.

"Good evening, Miriam."

"Lo, John Henry."

"How are you this fine evening?"

"Bully, John Henry. Won't you come in?"

As he followed her down the hall, John Henry sniffed searchingly. There was the odor of perfumery in her wake, deliciously fragrant perfumery, but perfumery nevertheless. His mother was right, after all. He must always remember that she knew more about women than he did!

They sat down on a satin sofa in the pink parlor.

"Now what shall we talk about?" demanded Miriam. "The weather? Stocks? Or the last tea party? I know, let's talk about ourselves! I think you're an awf'ly nice boy, John Henry."

"I—I think you're pretty nice, myself," stammered John Henry. The aroma of the perfumery enchanted him, but perfumery was bad taste. If only she didn't use it, then his mother might—

"Well, there, I didn't know whether you did

(Continued on page 22)



"Laugh and the World Laughs With You"

"Miriam Dawson?" asked John Henry, brightening up.

"Decidedly not! Miriam Dawson is a capricious, flighty schoolgirl, no fit companion—I mean wife—for you. I had in mind a much more sensible girl."

"Yes, mother."

"A girl who would be a helpmate and not a hindrance, who would soothe you instead of



ITALY'S STANDING ARMY.



A "WALKUERE" AT REHEARSAL.



SOLILOQUY OF A SUPER.  
"WITH THE SHIELD, ONLY MY UPPER HALF IS VISIBLE TO THE AUDIENCE."



"I WISH IF ANYTHING THESE CARICATURISTS WOULD NOT EXAGGERATE THEIR AIGRETTES."



AS I SAW CARUSO



*Sam Evans*

AND AS CARUSO SAW ME -



THE METROPOLITAN MENA  
SHOWING THE INFINITE CAP  
IN TRAINING THE ANIMALS



A VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED "HORSE"

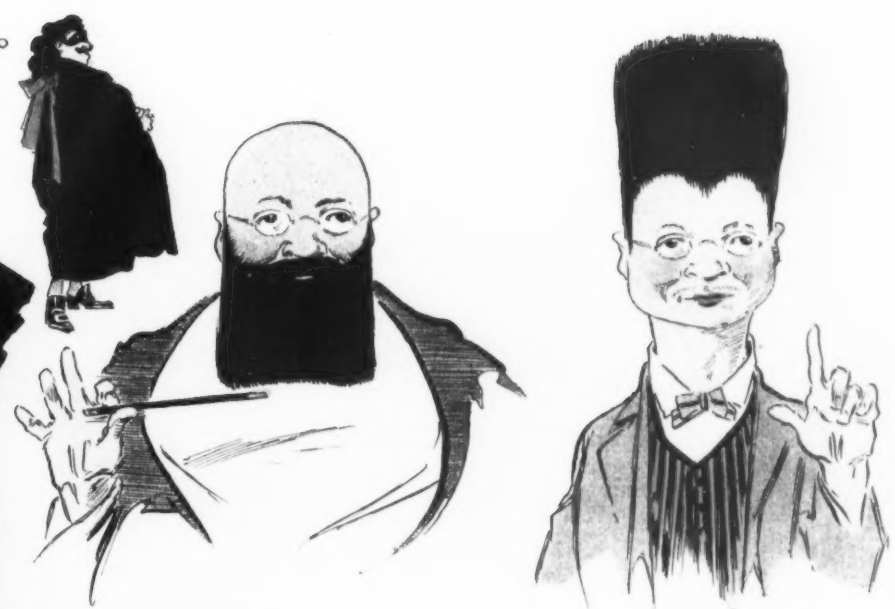


Puck

THE REMARKABLE  
DISGUISE OF CARUSO  
WITH THE AID OF  
A MASK.



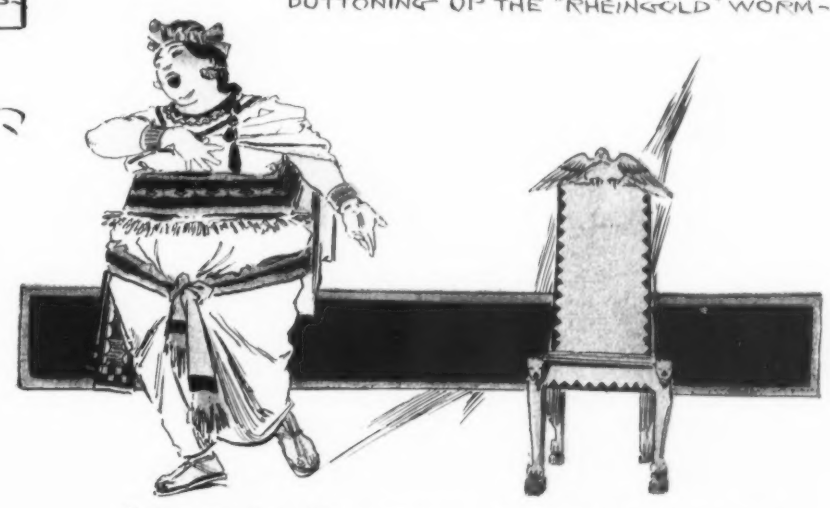
TROPICAN MENAGERIE  
GATTI-CASAZZA TAKES  
THE INFINITE CARE  
OF THE ANIMALS FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE OPERAS.



HERTZ, THE CONDUCTOR TO DAY & WHEN A STUDENT



BUTTONING UP THE "RHEINGOLD" WORM-



SOME OF THE PRIMADONNAS DO NOT FIT THE CHAIRS  
OF THE PERIOD-



HORSESHOE  
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

DRAWN BY HY MAYER



### TO A CHILL AND DISTANT LADY

*By Berton Braler*

Lady, why so chill and distant,  
 Why so offish with your charms?  
 Why so angrily resistant  
 When I'd fold you in my arms?  
 Yes, I know I only met you  
 Half an hour or so ago,  
 But that detail needn't fret you,  
 'Tis an age of speed, you know.

Why so strangely puritanic,  
 Fearful of a fond embrace?  
 All this flutter and this panic  
 Seem extremely out of place.  
 Don't you know that osculation  
 Is approved by social queens?  
 Have you, pray, no education?  
 Don't you read the magazines?

Be less chary of your kisses—  
 Come, you're out of date indeed;  
 Learn of Chambers' men and misses  
 And how swiftly they proceed.  
 Take a lesson from those lovers,  
 Lift your lips to mine with zest,  
 Like the girls upon the covers  
 Drawn by Armstrong and the rest.

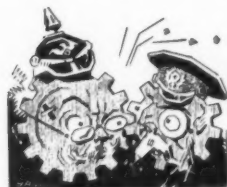
Painting by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, the famous sculptor and painter, whose work will be reproduced regularly in Puck.



## MY MUSEUM

I called her Plury. That is to say, I would speak of her by that endearing appellation when she was running along smoothly and seldom missing in either cylinder. Her real name, however, was E. Pluribus Unum.

You see, I had wanted an automobile, but found that no single make was within my means. So I bought Plury — just as a person who cannot afford beef, veal, chicken, turkey, lamb, or pork, orders hash. Individually Fords, Buicks, Overlands, Peerlesses, Simplexes, Pierce-Arrows, etc., were too expensive for me; but collectively, combined in the form of second-hand Plury, I could afford them all, at \$132.50.



Warring cogs

Plury was a cosmopolitan. Her rear axle was Italian, her steering-wheel was French, her magneto was Austrian, and her mud-guards were Belgian. It was hard to maintain her neutrality.

For example, a German cogwheel that clutched with an English one—scarred veterans, both of them—kept the gear-box in a constant state of friction. (When such international clashes occurred, it was always difficult to find out which one had started the trouble.) Then, too, among the American-made parts there was much jealousy between those who had come from rival factories. The tires were of four different makes, each boasting a surface specially patented against skidding; but each strove so hard to shove the other three into the gutter, that all four cavorted about the road in a most unseemly fashion.

Many were the heartburnings, the incompatibilities of temperament, of the parts thus yoked together. Whenever these dissensions brought matters to a standstill, I would have to get out and apply the monkey-wrench of peace.

Plury was hardly a noble car in either appearance or speed, yet I was genuinely fond of her. Her lamps had a wistful look—a look as innocent and helpless as that with which poached eggs gaze up at you before they die. As for her slowness, that made little difference; because her speedometer, geared presumably for a racing car, exaggerated. And, after all, what is speed but a number on a dial? While I saw "71" registered there I was not disturbed by the fact that bicyclists were passing me.

I admired her pluck. She would chunk along stoically, accepting other people's dust without complaint, when in a condition of health that would have prostrated any other machine. (Thoroughbreds do not show the greatest endurance.) Bravely she would drag herself home, after a hard afternoon's work, with a leak in her radiator and congestion in all her gears.

I used to practise vivisection on her, taking her apart and putting her together in new ways. It was a fascinating kind of solitaire, solving the problem of what to do on rainy Sundays. In a few hours' time I could shuffle the parts and deal out an entirely new model. Under my care Plury changed her shape with ultra-fashion-



Bicyclists were passing me



## A JANUARY THAW

able frequency. A model that I was particularly interested in trying out was number nine (i. e., the eighth transformation). This was such a daring rearrangement that it seemed too wonderful to be true. But it worked, and thrillingly. In this form Plury exceeded all her previous speed records. The dial registered 87, and a swarm of gnats had hard work keeping up with us.

Proceeding at this reckless pace, we approached a hilly curve marked "DANGER: DRIVE SLOWLY." I changed gear. The cogs emitted a grating, crunching sound, as of quartz in a stone-crusher, and then subsided. I got out to view their death grapple.

But I had no sooner set foot upon the ground than the roar of an infuriated klaxon startled me so that I leaped clear aside into the ditch. In that instant a huge Panhard, armed with a brazen fender, swung around the curve and rammed Plury in the radiator.

Plury splattered like a charlotte russe hit by a sledgehammer. The road and neighboring fields were full of her.

The liveried chauffeur of the Panhard got out

and began to brush the dust from the front of his car. A frightened fat man picked himself up from the floor of the tonneau and called to me, "Are you badly hurt?"

"No," I replied. "I'm all right, I think."

"Good!" he said, in a tone of great relief. "Then let's settle the damages at once, for I don't want this thing to get into the papers." With a shaky hand he drew out a checkbook. "What was the value of your car?" I hesitated.

"Would you consider five thousand sufficient indemnity to close the whole matter—personal injuries, property damages, and everything?"

I considered it!



"Would you consider \$5,000?"



**FRENCH PRISONER:** I just got a letter from my father. He says he knows this neighborhood very well. He was a prisoner here himself in 1870.



"Rumor has it that England requires money and has accordingly leased the privilege of viewing the battlefields to the well-known firm of Thomas Cook & Son at so much per tourist."



"For Heaven's sake, General French, where are your reserves?"  
"My dear chap, you know we only have one regiment and we are saving that for the triumphal entry into Berlin."



**"WANTED"**

London Opinion



"Farewell, Lucretia! Perchance we shall meet again in Berlin."

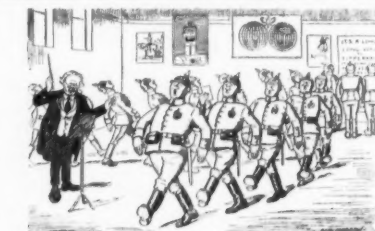
The Tatler



How they might brighten Regent Street



How they might wake up our restaurants



Learning to sing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" for the purpose of deceiving the allies.

Punch



And honour us with their gallantry



How amusing to see them meet a super-superman

**WHY HAVE WE NO SUPERMEN LIKE THE GERMANS?**

Punch



"Comrades, Belgium is behind us. There you see England's proud shores—our next goal."

Simpkins

## On the Firing Line with British and German Cartoonists



# Heading for Sheol

This is what my friend, the old theatrical manager, said: "Artistically speaking, America is heading for hell." He is retired, well-to-do, and in his day he produced many notable plays. He is become pessimistic in his latter days, and there is much to warrant this mental condition if the conditions of the contemporary theatre be considered. Nevertheless, it may be the darkest hour before dawn. Let us hope. It's a bad season for art, music, drama, and literature. But it can't last always. Little use in blaming the war, or hard times, for the slump in public taste. As well blame the women and children. Nor do I agree with those who believe the immigration is the prime cause, for the reason that the taste for drama, even in darkest Europe, is often better than here. No, there is no need of burrowing for origins; sufficient for us are the stony facts. Calling the moving picture shows ugly names won't do any good either. They are a symptom, not a cause. If we only had some artistic nuclei, as they have all over Europe; an endowed theatre, where the players would be, if not stars, trained artists, and the repertory hospitable enough to welcome a variety of dramatic authors—classic and modern. Is there no wealthy man, or a body of men, who will endow a theatre here, and say "hang" the expense? Why is it that millions are spent on pictures, libraries, orchestras, churches, hospitals, but not one cent for a theatre? Is it our ingrained puritanism? Cherchez-moi! as the small boy says in Paris.

## Pictures

Slowly, but surely, the minor men of the French Impressionist movement are coming into their own. Claude Monet and Renoir and Manet were such big fellows that they usually usurped all the space and sunshine when they were ruling spirits. Even Degas—never, as far as technical procedure, to be called an Impressionist, though wrongfully grouped with them—was, for a time, crowded to the wall by the more bustling and aggressive personality of Edouard Manet. And it's only since the beginning of the present century that Paul Cezanne—a so-called hanger-on to the fringe of the new movement—began to emerge as a chief of school, a Post-Impressionist, as the jargon has it. Pissarro and Sisley, never painters who pushed themselves, are to-day getting their deserts. We may wonder, in our times of blague and eccentricity, why their canvases were considered revolutionary. Yet they were, and now they still are so, because they are natural, sincere, and of a charm—certainly a trio of characteristics that is absent from most pictures nowadays.

You think of these things when you wander around the gallery of Durand-Ruel, on 57th Street, where an exhibition of Alfred Sisley's landscapes is on view. Some date as far back as 1872 and 1876, several are as late as 1885. Sisley, who had English blood in his veins, was the silent partner in the painting corporation of Manet, Monet, and Renoir. His landscapes reveal a shy, sensitive, and, withal, complex temperament. He seldom writes for full orchestra; the reed and string choirs are his favorite instruments, though his expressiveness is not a matter of arbitrary sentiment, but of timbre; in a word, tonality. How unaffected that delicate study of the "Loing Canal" (1884); what lovely clouds and suffused blues in the sky of "Confluent du Loing et de la Seine." A rich surface. Another Loing Canal scene (1882) displays beautiful tonalities, a melting sky and water reflects. Above all, poetic sentiment, though not of the obvious order. Sisley saw with his own eyes, and avoided the sensational scene-painter scheme. A rare master, if not one of the first rank.

It is always a pleasant task to visit a collection of pictures by Childe Hassam. The recent gathering at the Montross Gallery was representative in oils and water-colors alike. Some of the former were dated years ago, but always was there in Mr. Hassam's paint magical iridescence, dazzling sunshine. From Capri to Old Lyme he has ranged, and ever—his touch is inevitable—he gives us the soul of his landscape or seascape in terms of poetic art. With Robert Henri the surface is of less solicitude than the idea. His exhibition at Macbeth's showed new types, Mexican, Indian, and Chinese, painted with a devotion to the subject that was startling in its veracity, though never photographic. In the blazing light his models are brilliant, vital, astonishing. Here is representation pushed to the top-notch, without conventional suggestion of imitation. Mr. Montross announces a Henri Matisse exhibition, and the Carroll Galleries one devoted to the new men; in the meantime we have had Allen Tucker and Kahil Gibrán at Montross, and Picasso and Braque at the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. The Winter Academy is open, and the heart of man rejoiceth. Plenty of paint variety in our town.

## Music of the Moment

When I saw Fritz Kreisler at the Harold Bauer recital I felt almost sure that he would never play in public for months, so sick-looking was he, and limping badly, only moving with the aid of a stick. His soldiering in the Austrian service came perilously near robbing musical art of one of its masters. He is one of the greatest violinists of our day. But Kreisler is also a man of iron will, and when he faced a huge audience at Carnegie Hall on that Saturday afternoon, he had discarded his stick, and he played like an archangel. In size his auditory was like a Paderewski field-day, and sympathetic as well as enthusiastic. Mr. Kreisler's numbers were Tartini's Devil Trill, Mozart's G major rondo, the great Chaconne of Bach, a Paganini Caprice, and the violinist's own Vienna Caprice. It was truly a joyful as well



By C. B. FALLS

as an artistic occasion, for Fritz Kreisler is a favorite with our concert-goers.

The same afternoon Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler gave a piano recital at Aeolian Hall, her programme consisting of Beethoven's F minor Sonata, and other numbers by Chopin, Schubert, Paderewski. The Sonata was delivered with a compound of intellectual and emotional power. The fourth Chopin Ballade was beautifully interpreted. Madame Zeisler's art is at its zenith. The chief novelty at the Philharmonic Concert was the Sinfonietta by the young Viennese composer, Erich Korngold. It is a composition on larger lines than any of its predecessors, and reveals the enormous facility of the youth—who is only seventeen. Richard Strauss was a wonder-child, but at that age could not pretend to such mastery of thematic material and orchestration. To be sure, Korngold has not yet proved himself creator of new melodies, nor has he achieved a marked personal idiom; but the paws of the lion are to be felt in his work. His feeling for rhythm is remarkable, and, unless all signs fail, his future is big with promise. I first heard the Sinfonietta in Berlin under the baton of Arthur Nikisch—quite a different reading from Mr. Stransky's. The playing of Pablo Casals, the young Spanish violoncello virtuoso at the Sunday night opera concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, was a miracle of tonal pliancy, brilliant technique, and deep musical expression.

## The Barnard Cloister

If you wish to visit a unique place, and do a good deed besides, go up to George Grey Barnard's medieval cloisters, Fort Washington Avenue, near 189th Street, and enjoy the gothic art, and contribute your mite for the families of French artists. It will be well worth your while, artistically and otherwise, to inspect the Barnard treasures.

## The Dostoevsky Letters

The new letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky, the great Russian novelist, author of "Crime and the Punishment" (Macmillan Company), came as a revelation to his admirers. We think of him as overflowing with sentiment for his fellow man, a socialist, one who "went to the people" long before Tolstoy dreamed of the adventure, a man four years in prison in Siberia, and six more in that bleak country under official inspection; truly, a martyr to his country, an epileptic and a genius. You may be disappointed to learn from these telltale documents—translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne—that the Russian writer while in exile avoided his fellow-convicts, was very unpopular with them, and that throughout his correspondence there are numerous contemptuous references to socialism and "going to the people." He preferred solitude, he asserts more than once, to the company of common folk or mediocre persons. He gives Tolstoy at his true rating, but is cruel to Turgenev—who never wished him harm. The Dostoevsky caricature portrait of Turgenev—infinitely the superior artist of the two—in "The Possessed" is absurd. Turgenev forgave, but Dostoevsky never forgave Turgenev for this forgiveness. Another merit of these letters is the light they shed on the true character of Tolstoy, who is shown in his proper environment, neither a prophet nor a heaven-storming reformer. Dostoevsky invented the phrase, "land-proprietor literature," to describe the fiction of both Tolstoy and Turgenev. He was abjectly poor, gambled when he got the chance (which was seldom), hated Western Europe, France and Germany in particular, and admired the novels of George Sand, Victor Hugo, and Charles Dickens. He tells us much of his painful methods of writing ("what do I want with fame when I'm writing for daily bread?" he bitterly asks his brother), and the overshadowing necessity that compelled him to turn in "copy" when he lacked food, fire, friends. No wonder this private correspondence shows us anything but a lover of mankind, no matter how suffused in humanitarianism are his books, with their drabs, tramps, criminals, and drunkards. Turgenev divined in him Sadistic predispositions; he was certainly a morbid man; while Tolstoy wrote of him: "It never entered my head to compare myself with him. . . . I am weeping now over the news of his death . . . and I never saw the man." Dostoevsky was a profound influence on the art and life of Tolstoy.

## All Sorts of Books

All sorts of books come to me from the publishers, and if I can't write about them on this page, it is because time and space are ineluctable. My old friend—I've known him since 1893—Israel Zangwill, has issued a new and revised edition of his successful play, "The Melting Pot" (Macmillan Company), with an Afterword that must have made A. Walkley, dramatic critic of the London Times, and William Archer "sit up" when they read it. Mr. Zangwill never equivocates. He hits from the shoulder. And further, to bolster up his argument, he prints as a supplement some details about the Pogroms in Russia. It makes pertinent, if horrible, reading just now. I strayed into Meisel's bookshop over on East Grand Street the other day, and for a quarter of a dollar bought a literal translation of "Froken Julie" ("Miss Julie"), by August Strindberg. Who says good literature isn't cheap? In "Makers of Madness" Herman Hagedorn has written an interesting little play, of which the second act is the best. The piece deals with the war, and the thin veil drawn over the anonymous nations is easily pierced. It is one of the few war books I've read. E. V. Lucas tells us all about Venice and its art in his "A Wanderer in Venice," and in a pleasant fashion. "Hernando de Soto" is the title of a poem of epic proportions, by the Hon. Walter Malone, which I have set aside to read on long winter nights.

## THE MUD KUR

There are several ways to get a mud-bath. The cheapest is to walk near the curbing, downtown in New York, on a rainy day. The most dangerous and exciting is to go to Austria for it. The most expensive is to go to Flimflam Springs, in our own dear land; and, in the latter place, you will find a raft of New Yorkers just now, because we have discovered, since the outbreak of the war, that when it comes down to a question of mud, the United States has just as muddy mud as any other country.

It's really very funny. You couldn't have made an ordinary American believe, four months ago, that we had a home-grown, unprotected mud that was worth shucks. If you had asked, you would have been told that the only genuine mud was over in Bad Blowheim, Bad Airheim, or the remote and expensive village of Dambad, in the Carpathian foothills. But now it's all changed. You can get all plastered up in forty places in Virginia alone.

The "Mud Kur," you will call it, if you have the necessary amount of coin. If you have not,

you can call it anything else you please. The mud kur cures almost anything, including the desire for the mud kur. For a delicate nervous headache, you can inhale a few dollars worth of aromatic mud; whereas, if you have arteria schlerosis, your game is to fall down and have a dozen stout navvies shovel you in. Or, if you are too sensitive for that sort of thing, you can come out on the veranda of the hotel every half hour, and smell the mud. Mud in any form will do you the same amount of good as in any other form.

There are a lot of folks taking the mud kur who wouldn't have had to bother with mud, medicinally, if they had been permitted, at the age of two-to-five years, to indulge in mud-baths in the back yard. That's the mud age. That's the time when you don't have to convince yourself, with sophistry, that mud tastes good, looks good, and is good.

Don't always trust the fellow who gives you the glad hand. He may have brass knuckles on the other one.

## LITERALLY

MRS. PORPOISE (*meeting friend in the North Sea*): You're looking well, my dear. And how's your husband?

MRS. WHALE (*beginning to blubber*): Poor fellow! He's gone all to pieces!

MRS. PORPOISE: Dear me! What happened to him?

MRS. WHALE: One evening at twilight he mistook a torpedo for something edible!

## THE MOTE

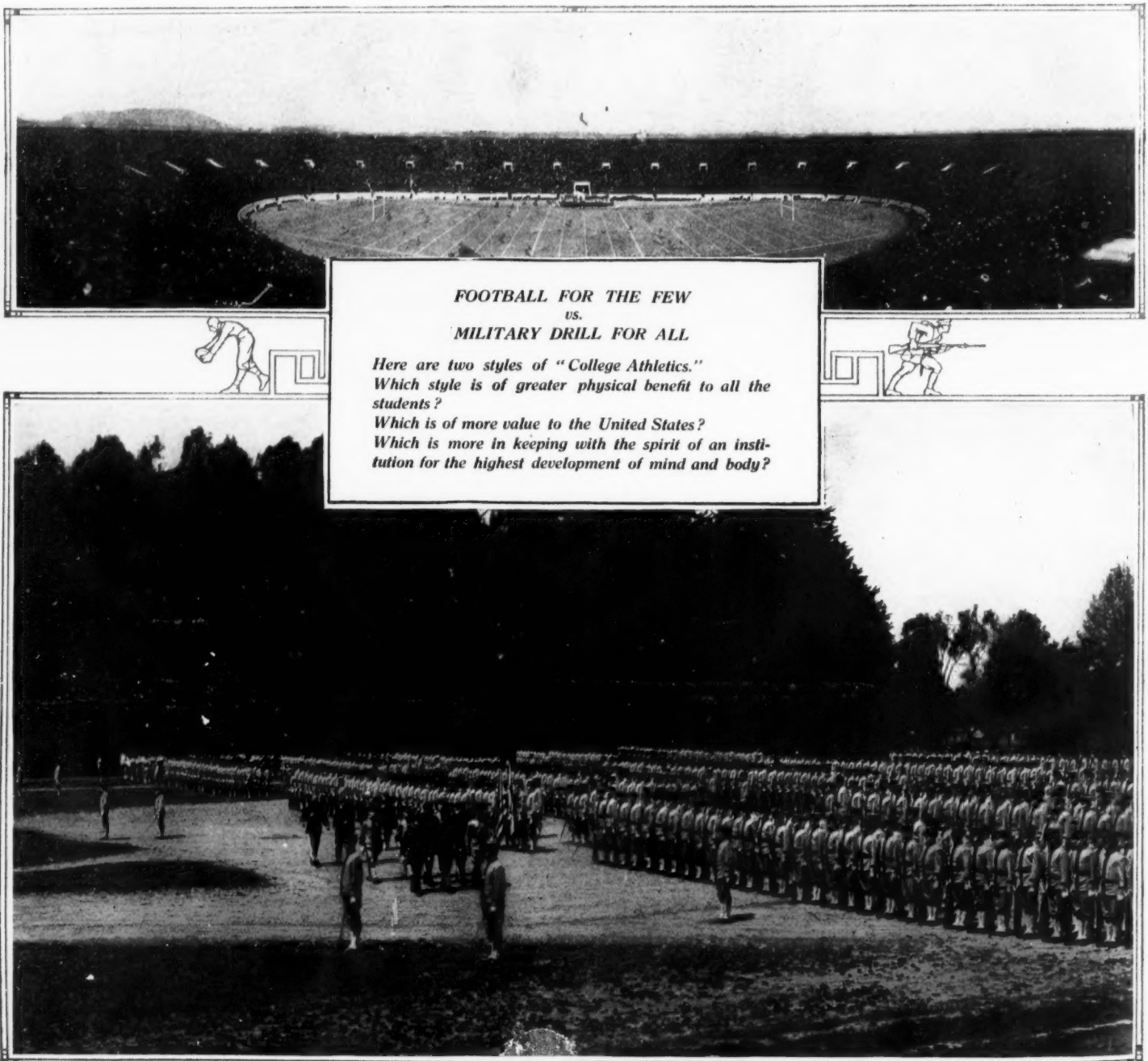
WILLIS: What are you worrying about? Didn't the agent who sold you the lot guarantee it was only a gunshot from the station?

GILLIS: Yes; but I was reading this morning that the Germans have guns that will carry twenty miles.

## PROBABLY THE SAME

MRS. WARING: What language do the Belgians use, Paul?

MR. WARING: I don't know; but I know what language I'd use if I were a Belgian!



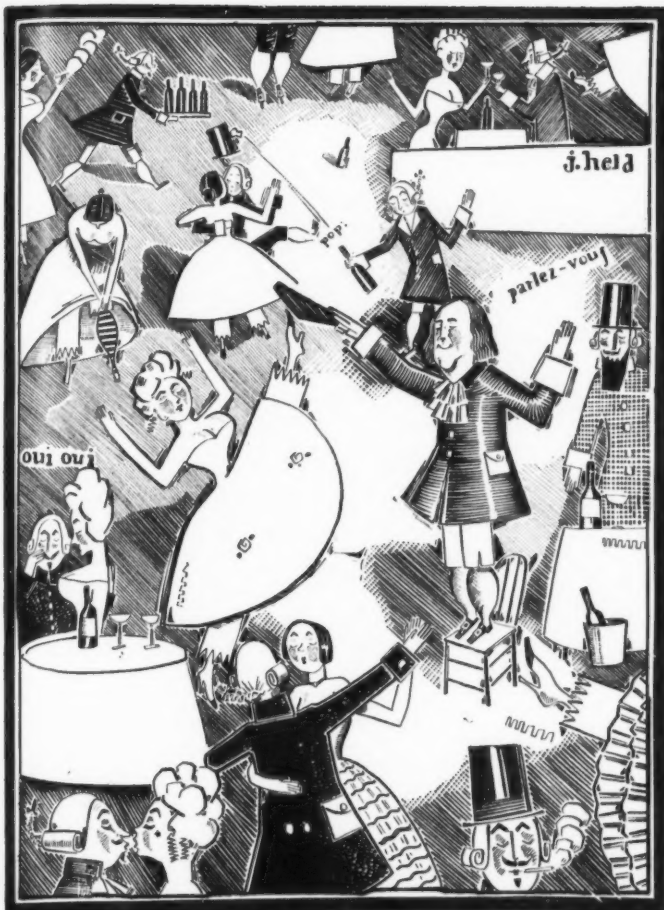
FOOTBALL FOR THE FEW  
vs.  
MILITARY DRILL FOR ALL

Here are two styles of "College Athletics."  
Which style is of greater physical benefit to all the students?  
Which is of more value to the United States?  
Which is more in keeping with the spirit of an institution for the highest development of mind and body?

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# UNPUBLISHED WOODCUT

B. Franklin, Ambassador to France, discovers the Moulin Rouge

## HUMANE SUGGESTION

When'er on winter walks I go  
It's not the air that makes me shiver,  
So much as sundry necks of snow  
Exposed without a "kiver".

And yet one must admire the fair,  
Who scorn to take protective measures,  
And brave the cold with bosom bare  
Rather than veil its treasures.

I'm much concerned about this class,  
Who furnish grist for the physician.  
Would not "inserts" of isinglass  
Safeguard their exhibition?

## MISTAKES OF THE MONARCHS

"Uh-well, sah," said old Brother Berrybutton; "I hears de majahs and cappens and jedges readin' and 'scussin', down to de post-office, 'bout de war; and dey says, says dey, dat de Skyzer, I reggin dey calls him, o' Germany, and de Sizzer o' Rooshy, and all dem yudder umpires dat's uh-fightin' and squabblin', each claims dat de Lawd is wid him. But dey's mistaken, sah; I don't give a ding if dey is white, dem kings and monickies is grandly mistaken. Uh-kaze why? For de last two weeks de Lawd's been at de revival down dar in Smoky Holler, and not widin fou' hund'd miles o' whuh dat fightin' is gwine on. De Lawd don't have no truck wid no sich bizness, no-how, no diffunce what de kings says about it! And 'sides all dat, Lawd's got enough to do wid fightin' old Satan right yuh at home widout ramblin' 'way off some'ts yander to some place dat he kain't puhnuounce and mixin' up in troubles dat nobody kain't make head nor tail out'n!"

## WESTERN ENTERPRISE

"Yep," said the Western boomer, "the grasshoppers descended on our State last year and ate a path a mile wide from one border to the other; but were we discouraged? I should say not. We just fenced in the strip and turned it into an automobile highway, and now you can't buy property along it for less 'n ten dollars a foot."

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TILL YOU  
GASP  
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FARCE

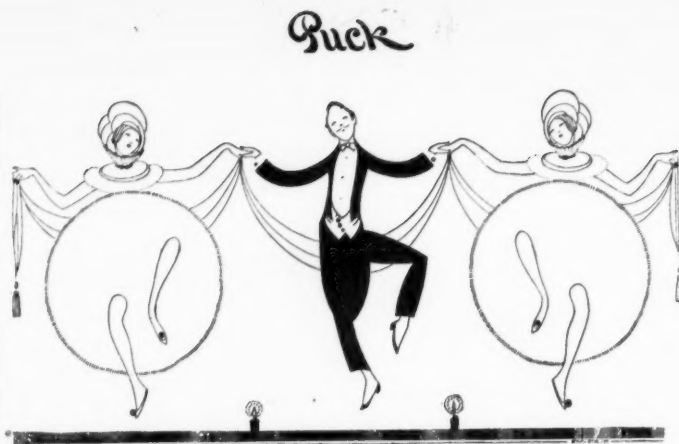
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### AS WRITTEN BY A COLLEGE MAN

PHI UPSILON FRATERNITY  
Washington State College, Pullman, Wash.

To the Editor of Puck:  
In answer to your letter I would say that I'm highly in favor of the present  
system of college athletics as is carried on here at the Washington State College.  
The benefits that we gain from our athletics is the advertisement. It is one  
method we have of obtaining new students, the average high school student is more or  
less interested in the outcome of all of the Northwest Conference Athletic contests.  
It furnishes a large amount of free advertisement thru the news papers, which we  
would not get otherwise. Another of its benefits is the attraction of the high school  
athletes that in all probability would not go on to college if it was not for our athletics.  
In this college they maintain a course in military tactics, which every male  
undergraduate student who is physically able is required to take, as in all Land Grant  
Colleges. I can say frankly that it is a very good policy and works here to a very  
good advantage. Respectfully yours,  
R. C. HOWARD.

### FROM UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

To the Editor of Puck:  
I am replying to yours of recent date. I am well aware that there are two sides  
to almost all questions.  
Athletics, even as at present conducted, has some good qualities:  
It builds up a college spirit.  
It arouses enthusiasm.  
It advertises a school.  
It trains some men with a pretty strict discipline. But it has bad qualities  
as well.  
With the college spirit and enthusiasm it builds a spirit of "Win we must; no  
matter how." My own opinion is that the high ideals that formerly characterized the  
college man are not to be found to the same extent nowadays and I believe that  
athletics is largely responsible for this.  
With the advertisement it brings to a school a lot of men who have no business  
there, who injure themselves and the school by their presence.  
With the present methods, comparatively few of the students are interested in  
athletics except as spectators.  
The money feature of athletics is demoralizing. As a land-grant college we have  
the military drill here and I believe it is worth more to the men than football and  
baseball.  
I trust I have answered your questions with sufficient explicitness.  
Very respectfully, JAMES N. ANDERSON,  
Dean, College of Arts and Sciences.

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Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine  
For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine.  
It Soothes. Doesn't Smart. An Eye Tonic.

### A COMMENT ON AMERICAN LAW COURTS

A New York newspaper in an article on an important criminal case  
says, quite as a matter of course:

"It is said to be probable that the case will be heard by the Supreme Court  
within the next sixty days, as it is understood to be the custom of the court to  
give capital cases the right of way. The case would not come up for consideration  
for nearly two years unless an application to advance it should be granted."

Is not this naive admission of the speediness of justice in the United  
States a somewhat peculiar comment upon our judicial system in general?  
Does it not offer food for thought that if you have an important case in the  
courts—important enough to warrant your going up to the highest court  
in the land—it will take you two years to get a definite decision upon this  
case? Inasmuch as the United States Supreme Court is the highest, most  
rapid and best run court in the United States, and the months necessary  
to have a case decided increase with each grade lower, it isn't hard to see  
why the little man who has the little case before a little court prefers rather  
to allow himself to be done out of a sum of money or out of his rights  
than to wait the two or four or even the five years that may be necessary  
before our august tribunals of justice condescend to give ear to his appeal.

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DIARY March 3, 1820

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I. Not for the wealth of the Indies  
would I exchange the three best  
things I have—my old friend Dick,  
my good dog Prince and reliable

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and still the friend of men who  
appreciate a choice, delightful  
pure whiskey. Aged in the wood,  
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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
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Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce



## THE PUPPET SHOP

(Continued from page 7)

The villainy of a character in the American drama is adjudged by an American audience in accordance with the following schedule of black marks:

- |  |           |  |           |
|--|-----------|--|-----------|
| 1. Black moustache . . . . .   | 20 points | 14. Inclination to believe that women between the ages of thirty-five and ninety are perfectly able to take care of themselves . . . . .   | 94 points |
| 2. Riding boots . . . . .  | 36 "      | 15. Inclination to believe that women between the ages of twenty and ninety are perfectly able to take care of themselves if they want to, but that they usually don't want to . . . . . | 95 "      |
| 3. Riding boots and crop . . . . .   | 47 "      | 16. One who believes that when a woman is married she does not necessarily because of this fact lose all interest in the world . . . . .   | 82 "      |
| 4. Foreign accent (save Irish or Cockney) . . . . .  | 29 "      | 16a. Or in a good time . . . . .   | 83 "      |
| 5. Top hat . . . . .   | 8 "       | 17. Boutonniere . . . . .  | 9 "       |
| 6. Patent-leather shoes . . . . .  | 8 "       | 18. Suspicion on the part of the villain that the hero is a blockhead . . . . .  | 98 "      |
| 7. Long cigarette holder . . . . .   | 4 "       | 19. Verbal statement of the above fact by the villain . . . . .  | 99 "      |
| 8. Well fitting clothes . . . . .  | 52 "      | 20. Common sense . . . . .   | 100 "     |
| 9. Sexual virility . . . . .   | 84 "      |  |           |
| 10. Good manners . . . . .   | 76 "      |  |           |
| 11. Inclination to believe that a woman over twenty is perfectly able to take care of herself . . . . .      | 91 "      |  |           |
| 12. Inclination to believe that a woman over twenty-five is perfectly able to take care of herself . . . . . | 92 "      |  |           |
| 13. Inclination to believe that a woman over thirty is perfectly able to take care of herself . . . . .      | 93 "      |  |           |

This is truly a world of surprises. Think of it! I recently met a man who swore to me on his word that he had never, so long as he lived, seen a vaudeville show! Would one have believed that in this vale of tears there could be so blessed a fellow?

The hero in a play is that character who acts as we would like to act if we were placed in the same situation. The villain of the play is that character who acts as we would actually act if we were placed in the same situation . . . Obviously, this definition does not hold true if the heroine isn't good looking.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.  
O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### WALTER CAMP AGREES

In a recent issue, the *New York Sun* says:

"With the opening of Yale's new Bowl, Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, who has been one of the prime movers in securing this big stadium for Yale, came out publicly in favor of using the Bowl for military purposes when it is not in use by the Yale football men.

"It seems as if such huge stadiums and bowls might be used advantageously for conventions and pageants," said Mr. Camp. "Would it not be possible also to open them to the use of boy scouts for drills? If, then, the men of the universities would themselves set the example of voluntary military drill under Government instruction the practical value of it as a resource might prove very great. . .

"Prof. Hollis, when contemplating the erection of the Harvard Stadium told me that he hesitated to put so much money into a structure for use only for a single purpose, namely, football. In addition to the Princeton Palmer Memorial Stadium and the Yale Bowl, other colleges are erecting similar structures. The answer to Prof. Hollis and to all who are questioning the outlay is to open all these enclosures to military drill, not by the students alone, but by the youth of the community."

It is interesting to see military experts, athletic experts, newspaper editors and statesmen falling in line with Puck's plan for the establishment of a universal compulsory drill in the colleges and universities throughout the country.

### WOULD HELP

WILLIS: This paper says the Belgians have ripped open their dykes.  
MRS. WILLIS: Dear me, how embarrassing! Our Woman's Club must start knitting new ones for them at once.

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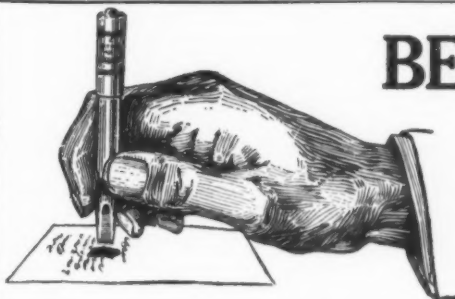
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## PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

By P. A. VAILE

FOOT-WORK  
IN GOLF

Many golfers interfere sadly with their drive by excessive and incorrect foot-work. Generally speaking I am inclined to think that the less foot motion there is during the stroke the better. Some people drive very well without even lifting the left heel from the ground, and when one's physical make-up renders this practicable it is certainly worthy of consideration, for it must unquestionably give one a firmer foundation.

Especially is this so for elderly players, and particularly for those whose swing is inclined to be flat like J. H. Taylor's or James Braid's; although some there be who erroneously call Braid's swing upright. I have seen photographs of both these players at the top of the swing with the left heel barely off the earth, and have often seen them drive like this.

It is otherwise, of course, in an upright swing such as Harry Vardon's or George Duncan's. Here it is almost necessary for the left heel to leave the ground, and if one desires to preserve perfect rhythm it must leave it at almost the exact instant that the club leaves the ball, and in no case stay on the earth until "the arms begin to pull it up," as some say. Even when the swing is upright and one raises the heel—"pivoting," some call it, on the left toe—care should be taken never to let the heel get nearer the hole than it was in the address. This is always bad form and cannot be excused on any possible ground although I can show you an odd photograph or two of most famous golfers in this position.

Turning the heel towards the hole is a very bad fault. This is apparent if one considers it for a few moments. Pause at the top of the swing when your heel is turned towards the hole. Now come down slowly and finish the swing without moving your left foot. You see at once that it is impossible to follow through properly. What does this import? Simply that during the most critical portion of one's swing one must readjust one's base. This cannot possibly make for accuracy or power.

As the club goes up one should strive hard to keep the weight equally distributed and by no chance to turn the left foot over *sidewise* so that the weight is at the side of the shoe from the ball of the big toe forward—as we are told.

The weight that is on the left foot, if you carry out these directions, will, at the top of your swing, be a little more than half of your total avoirdupois, but it must be borne by the *breadth* of your foot *across the toes* and that portion of the sole of the foot immediately behind them and *right across the foot*. This is of the highest importance. Unless you follow this out carefully you are certain to have faulty foot-work if your swing is upright.

If you are a "flat" swager you can distribute your weight more over the full area of the left foot than you can if you affect the upright style; but even in the upright swing one must exercise the greatest care in seeing to it that the sole of the foot just behind the toes and the toes themselves are planted firmly on the ground—or in the boot.

We have often shown that at the top of the swing most of the weight should be on the left foot, therefore we must see to it that its support is as good and firm as we can make it. The right foot is in the meantime, from heel to toe, firmly and fully planted on the earth with the leg as straight as a rod, and the bend of the left knee is inwards towards the ball, rather than towards the right leg, as we are so often told.

It is this ruinous advice that makes so many would-be golfers knuckle over on the side of the foot, and bend the left knee inwards towards the right in a manner in which it was never intended to move. The left knee certainly does move a little towards the right leg, but it *bends* towards the ball. The movement towards the right knee comes mainly from the bending of the ankle joint and a slight give of the upper portion of the foot at and about the instep.

If one can only get this movement it is the foundation of the secret of rhythm. It is so important that I have given it concrete expression in a statuette of Harry Vardon at the top of his swing, and now I have shown it in the life-size statue of "The Golfer," which I think ought to be on nearly every golf links in the world. Only the professionals would object—it would rob them of pupils.

I had written "Modern Golf" and "The Soul of Golf" before I knew what I have expressed there. I have put it into atmospheric displacement, and it will stay to justify or condemn me.

That's the worst—or possibly 'he best—thing about producing books or statues. *They stay*. And it's very awkward to explain that what you have done is not exactly what you meant to do—or what you should have done. Still, that is all in the game; and whether in marble or printer's ink, I am risking my little bet on the soundness of the proposition I am laying down here.

It cost me some pains to put the golf into those legs and boots, but now it is there I am resting on it and saying: "Beat it if you can or prove it wrong."

Believe me, dear readers, if you have not already decided the point for yourself, and decided it correctly, you have quite a chance of improving your game very considerably by going into it—and if I can help you in any way you must let me know.

## A DROP IN OMNIPOTENCE

(Continued from page 11)

or not. Sometimes I've thought that you maybe thought I was a bit flighty."

"Miriam! I'd never dare to think such a thing! I'd kill anyone who—" "Damn that perfumery!" said John Henry under his breath.

"Would you really kill anyone who said that? Really and truly, John Henry?"

"Really and truly!" he affirmed huskily. "Miriam, I'd—Why, do you know, I love you, Miriam! Will you marry me?"

"Been waiting to marry you for the last two years, but you never had gumption enough to propose. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

Three hours later, John Henry stood on the doorstep saying good-night. When he had said it for the seven-teenth time, he added diffidently:

"I wish, Miriam, for my sake, that you wouldn't use so much perfumery. I don't think mother likes it very well."

"Oh, indeed, she does!" asserted Miriam stoutly. "She told me so this afternoon, and she said you were awfully fond of it, too—that's why I had so much on to-night. So you must be mistaken, dear."

"Yes, so it would seem," remarked John Henry sagely, "so it would seem."



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The January Issue of  
*The* YALE REVIEW

Edited by Wilbur L. Cross

Established 1911

## WAR ARTICLES

## The Political Teachings of Heinrich von Treitschke

By ARTHUR T. HADLEY; President of Yale University.

This is an article giving the personal impressions of the historian, with an estimate of the relation of his teachings to the war.

## America and the European War

By NORMAN ANGELL; Pa-

cifist and author of "The Great Illusion." What Americans can do to bring about international peace.

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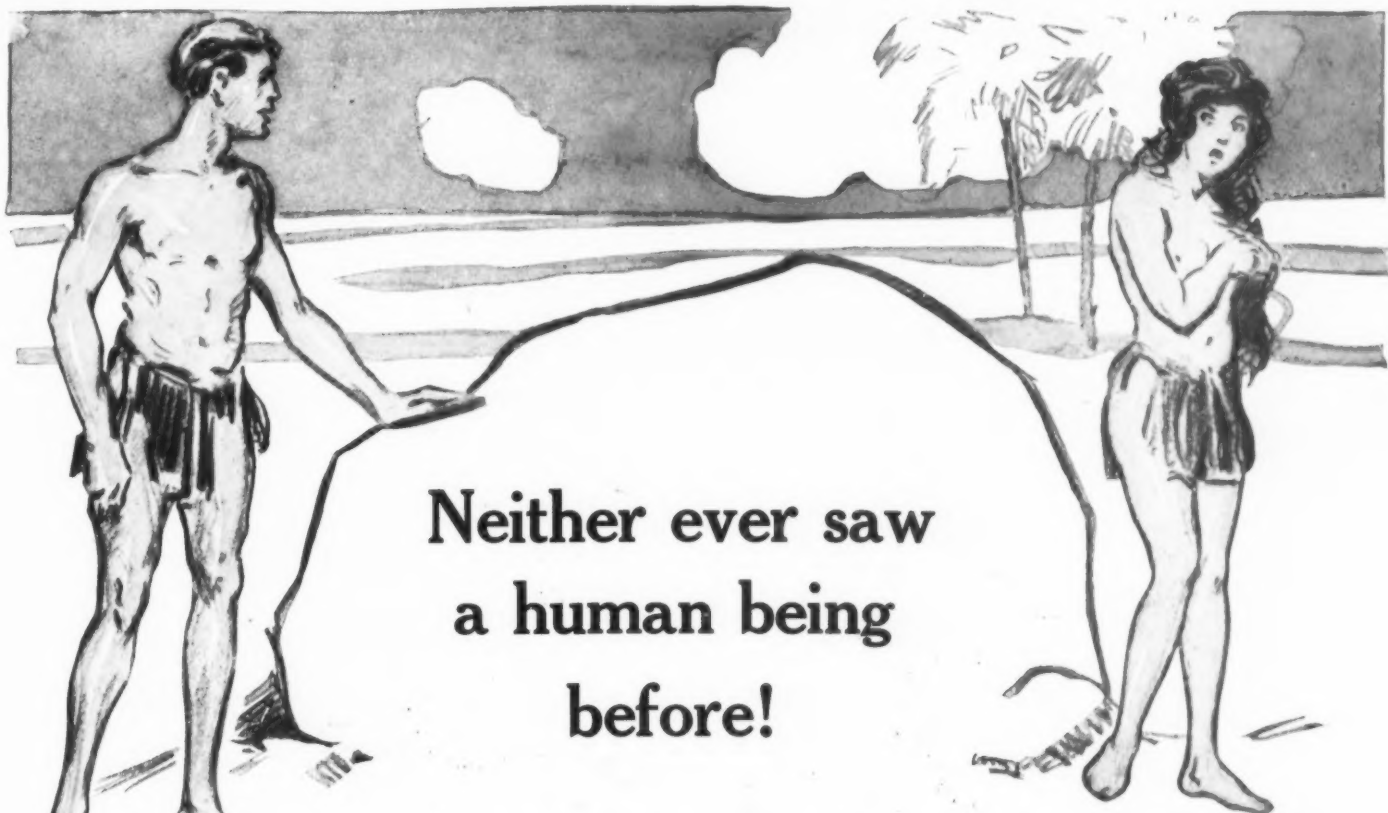
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